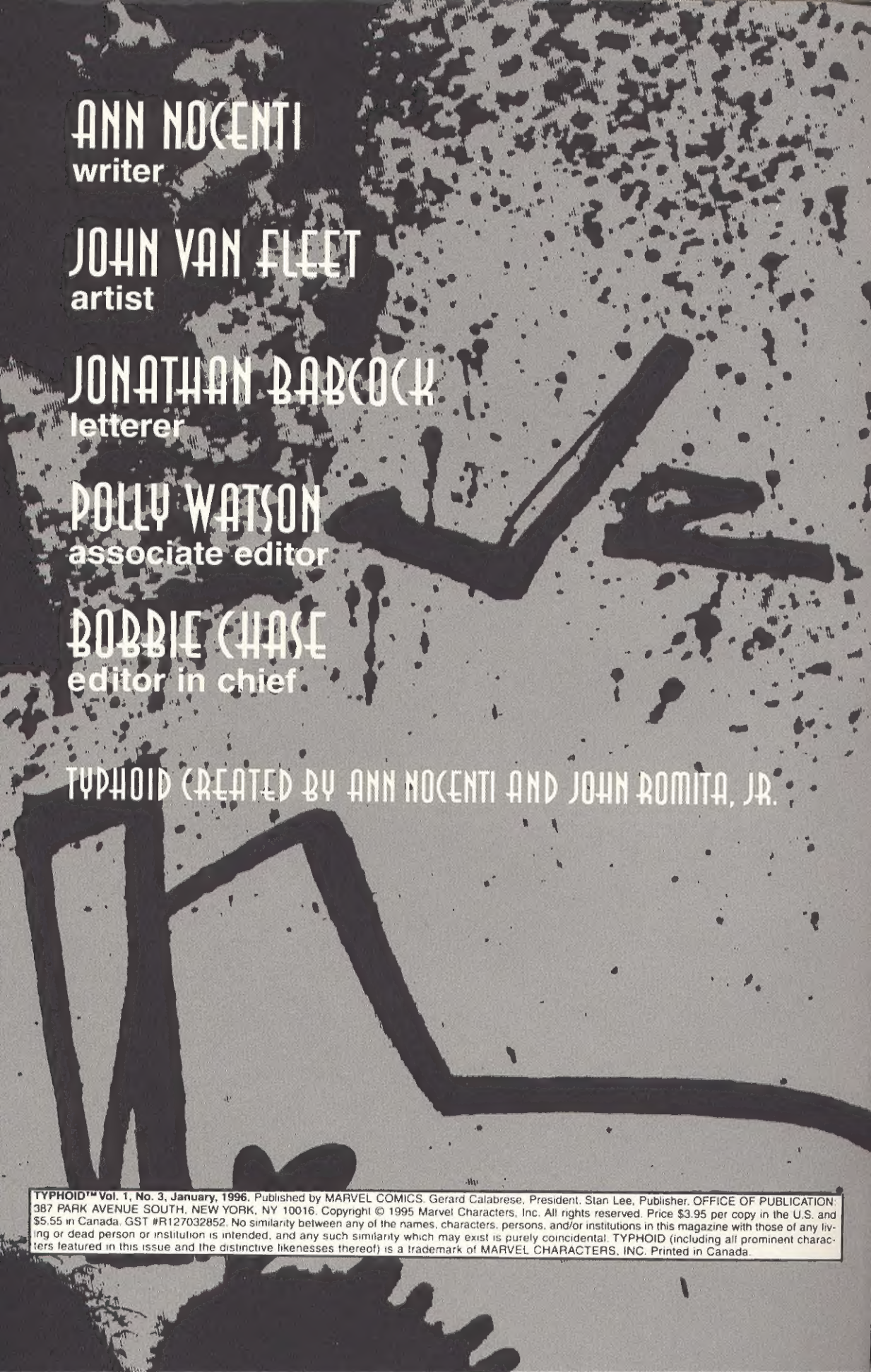
MARVEL
EDGE
JAN•3
FOR
MATURE
READERS
TYPHOID
NOCENTI
VAN FLEET



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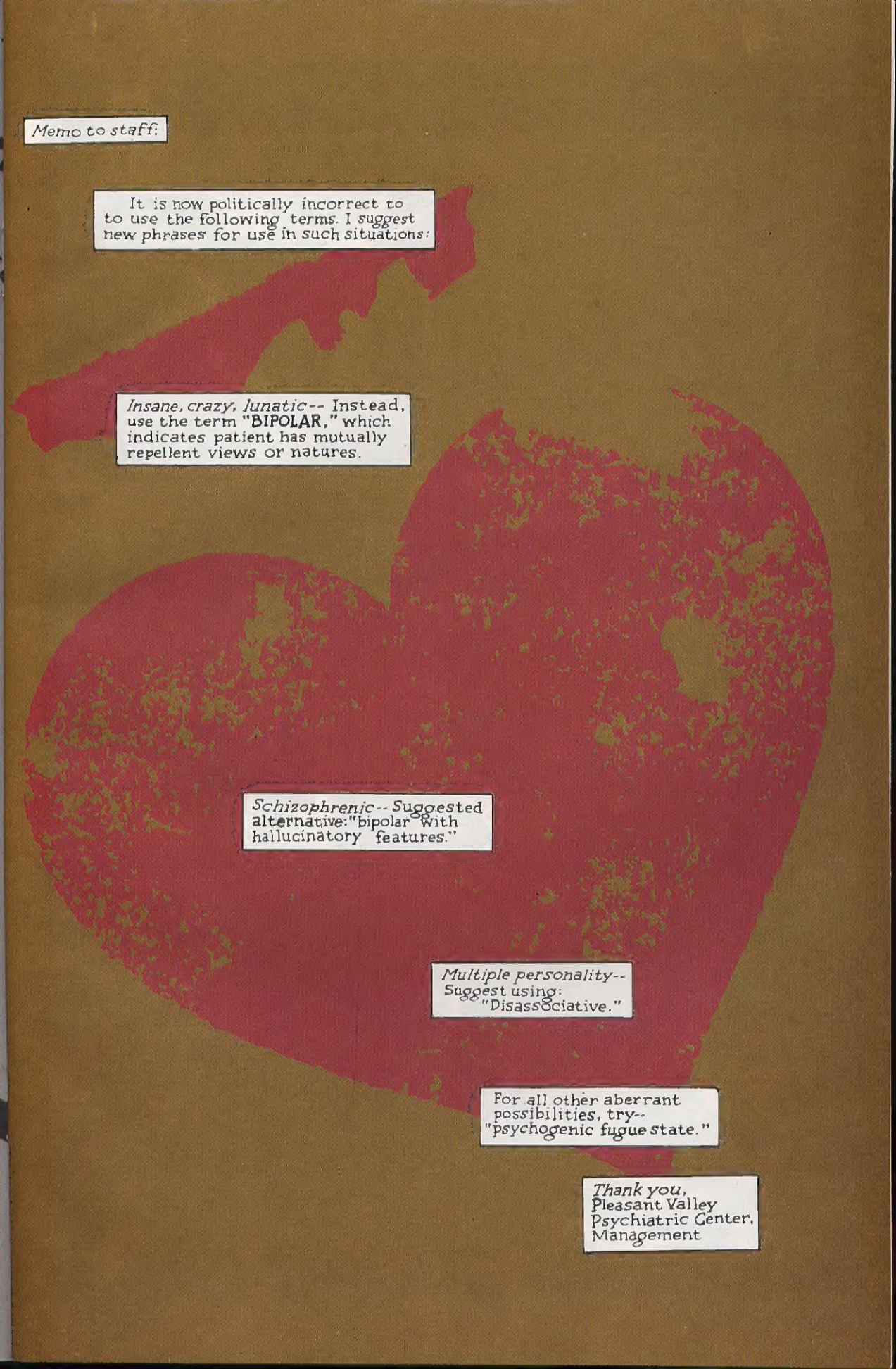

Memo to staff:
It is now politically incorrect to to use the following terms. I suggest new phrases for use in such situations:
Insane, crazy, lunatic-- Instead, use the term "BIPOLAR," which indicates patient has mutually repellent views or natures.
Schizophrenic-- Suggested alternative: "bipolar with hallucinatory features."
Multiple personality-- Suggest using: "Disassociative."
For all other aberrant possibilities, try-- "psychogenic fugue state."
Thank you, Pleasant Valley Psychiatric Center, Management

I'LL JUST SIT HERE ON YOUR LAP A SEC.
NO--!
LEMME TAKE A LITTLE PEEK IN THE CREDIT CARD FILES TO SEE WHOSE NAME WAS ON THE CHIT FOR TULIP'S ROOM YESTERDAY...
NO WAY.
HEY-- YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE!
NO PETS OR GUYS
ZiZi

TOO LATE.
Mmmm, IS THAT A TOOTHPICK IN YOUR POCKET OR DO I JUST REMIND YOU OF YOUR MOTHER?
GOT IT--

--HEY!! YOU IDIOT-
WHAT IS IT WITH STUPID DOUGH-FACED, MOTHER-LOVING SLACKER TWITS LIKE YOU?

BEFORE YOU EVEN TAKE AIM YOU'RE PULLIN' TRIGGERS!
ICK.

SOON...
Tulip Missing?
Baby = Tarantula
Race

AND DOWNTOWN...
79 P.C.
I'M SO EMBARRASSED TO ASK THIS...
GO ON, MISS...
Well, IT'S ABOUT A GIRL AT MY CHURCH ...uhm, YOU SEE, SHE...
SHE'S ONE OF THOSE GIRLS...
LIKE THE ONES BEING KILLED, uhm...
Ma'am--ALL INVESTIGATIONS ARE ON HOLD RIGHT NOW.
WE GOT A PRIORITY CASE-- A COP WAS KILLED LAST NIGHT.
O! I'M SORRY. WHAT WAS HIS NAME?
THAT'S CONFIDENTIAL.
Oh.
BUT... I'D LIKE TO SAY A PRAYER FOR HIM.
Well, I GUESS...
OFFICER RACETTE, Ma'am. WE CALLED HIM RACE.
GOD BLESS YOU.
Officer Racette shot
Tulip Missing?

SOON...
I TOLD YOU EVERYTHING I KNOW, LADY! HONEST!
RICHARDS WORKS ALL ANGLES-- HE FENCES, HE TAKES A PERCENTAGE, KICK-BACKS--JUST THE USUAL STUFF COPS DO--
WHAT ELSE?
I DON'T KNOW NOTHING MORE.
RIGHT. STOOLIES ARE BLIND, COPS ARE DEAF, THE REST OF US ARE DUMB.
LET'S SEE HOW DUMB YOU ARE--
EEEAAAA!
ALL RIGHT, I'LL TALK!
ONE NIGHT RICHARDS WAS DRUNK, HE CAME INTO THIS NUMBERS CLUB TO PLACE SOME BETS, YOU KNOW?
HE WENT ON ABOUT HOW THE WESTSIDE RIPPER HAD STRUCK AGAIN, LIKE HE WAS BRAGGIN' ABOUT IT. HE WAS WILD THAT NIGHT, HYPED UP.
I GOT THE FEELING HE KILLED A GIRL HIMSELF, AND HE WAS GONNA LET EVERYBODY PIN IT ON THE WEST-SIDE RIPPER...
ELSEWHERE, SOON...
Dick Richards -- copy cat killer?

AND LATER
GOOD WORK, GIRLS. KEEPING ME POSTED.
I JUST HOPE YOU'VE BEEN POSTING EVERYTHING YOU DO.
Colleen
The Alley
Rachel
Tulip Missing
IS THIS DEAD COP RACETTE THE SAME AS THE RACE THAT WAS YESTERDAY'S SUSPECT?
THEN RACE WASN'T THE KILLER.
The alley
Dick Richards = Copycat Killer?
Baby = Taranova
Bill
Officer Racette
AND WHO KILLED HIM?
Cynthia?
Tulip Missing?
The Cop.
Is Killer a Cop?
TELL
MOTEL
DID RICHARDS DO ONE OF THE KILLINGS? BUT HE DIDN'T DO THEM ALL.
Baby = Taranova
Is Killer a Cop?
Race
THEN THIS HAS GOTTA BE THE ONE. THIS TARANOVA.
HE WAS THE LAST ONE WITH TULIP BEFORE SHE DISAPPEARED.
LT. CLAIR DODGE
DETECTIVE CLAIR DODGE... I WONDER IF SHE'D BE GAME FOR A SET-UP?

THE NINTH PRECINCT...
HEY, MALCOLM-- TRY DIAL-LUST, AND ASK FOR BETTY. SHE LOVES BOYS IN BLUE...
YEAH? RIGHT AWAY, OFFICER.
HEY--WHO'S THAT CHICK IN THE SHRINK'S OFFICE?
FORGET ABOUT IT, MALCOLM. THAT'S A ROOKIE THAT THINKS IT'S A LIEUTENANT.
Ooops.
...SO YOU SEE, OFFICER DODGE, AN OFFBEAT PROFILE IS EMERGING OF THIS SERIAL KILLER.
POLICE PSYCHIATRIST
SOUNDS LIKE AN OXYMORON. I THOUGHT KILLERS WERE ALWAYS OFFBEAT.
Oh, NO. SERIAL IMPLIES A PATTERN. THEY ALWAYS LEAVE A SIGNATURE, HOWEVER CLEVERLY HIDDEN.
THE KNIFE IS THE PREFERRED WEAPON OF SEXUAL CRIMINALS.
THIS GUN TO MOUTH THING IS IRREGULAR. SIMILAR IN ITS ANGER, BUT INDICATES, OF COURSE, AN ORAL FIXATION.
BUT WHAT'S ODD IS THAT THE CALIBER BULLET KEEPS CHANGING.
THIS GUY'S GOT A LOT OF GUNS...
IT'S IRREGULAR TO FIND NOTHING CONSISTENT IN HIS M.O. -- EXCEPT THE FINAL SHOT.
AND THEN THERE WAS THAT MALE CLIENT THAT TURNED UP DEAD.
AND NOW A COP, OFFICER RACETTE.
MAYBE IT'S CONNECTED-- I JUST DON'T GET IT. I ALMOST THINK OUR WEST-SIDE RIPPER IS MORE THAN ONE MAN...
THANK YOU, DOCTOR. YOU'VE BEEN VERY HELPFUL.

SO YOU LIKE A GUY IN UNIFORM?
Yeah? WHAT ARE YOU WEARING?
I CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT I'M HEARING.
NOK NOK
RICHARDS!
I DON'T THINK CITY TAXPAYERS WOULD APPRECIATE ALL THE SEX CALLS--
WHAT?
Omigod.
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?
I FELL.
Yeah, right. WHERE? FACE FRONT ON A BARBECUE GRILL?
LEAVE IT, OFFICER DODGE, IT'S PERSONAL.
Hmmm, A LITTLE ARREST AND BONDAGE MANEUVER, RICHARDS?
SHUT UP! I SAID LEAVE IT ALONE!
WHAT THE HECK DO YOU WANT NOW?
YOU'RE REALLY STARTING TO EAT AT MY NERVES, DODGE!

I WANT TO KNOW WHY THE DEPARTMENT IS COVERING UP THESE PROSTITUTE MURDERS.
I WENT TO USE THE COMPUTER AND THERE IS A RESTRICTED STATUS ON THOSE FILES.
JUST WHO IS THE DEPARTMENT PROTECTING?
NOTICE
MIDTOWN FIRING RANGE WILL BE CLOSED MONDAY
SEE SERGEANT WATSON
THERE'S NO COVER-UP. I INVESTIGATED EVERY DEATH SCENE MYSELF.
POLICE DEPARTMENT
WANTED
$5,000 REWARD
VINNIE VOIONII
I WAS INTO IT-- HELL, IT WAS TITILLATING.
IT WAS WHAT?
BUT THOSE GIRLS WERE NO INNOCENTS. WE HAVE SCORES OF CIVILIAN MURDERS, AND NOW A COP'S DEATH TO INVESTIGATE.
TIME BETTER SPENT, GET IT?
POLICE DEPARTMENT
WANTED
$5,000 REWARD
BOBBY ONIEAGOOA
PROSTITUTES ARE CIVILIANS FOR CHRISTSAKE.
AND JUST WHAT WERE THEY GUILTY OF?
THEY'RE WHORES, DODGE. THEY ASK FOR IT.
IN FACT, YOU BETTER WATCH HOW YOU DRESS ON THE STREET, OR THE KILLER'LL DECIDE YOU NEED A LITTLE--

POLIC
YOU'RE DISGUSTING, RICHARDS.
LOOK AT THAT FILE.
THE LATEST GIRL TO DIE-- TULIP WAS HER NAME. LIKE THE FLOWER.
LIKE TWO SETS OF LIPS.
Hehheheh
SERGEANT, YOU ARE WAY OUT OF LINE!
OKAY, SO SOMEBODY OUT THERE HATES WHORES.
SO WHAT? IT'S JUST STREET BUSINESS THAT WILL PLAY ITSELF OUT. THINK OF IT AS A LITTLE HEALTHY STREETCLEANING.
GETS RID OF SOME SCUM.
YOU'RE A BRICK WALL. THIS IS POINTLESS
YOU AND YOUR STUPID LOLLIPOP.
Whatsamatta, IT BUG YOU? GOOD!
NOW GET OUTTA MY OFFICE.
I GOT AN IMPORTANT MURDER TO INVESTIGATE. OFFICER RACETTE-- ONE OF US, REMEMBER?
OR ARE YOU ONE OF THEM NOW?
COME OFF IT. YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO THAT RACETTE WAS A SICK PUPPY WITH HIS FINGERS IN MORE PIES THAN EVEN YOU.
POLIC
HEY DODGE-- THERE'S A LADY HERE TO SEE YOU. SHE'S PRETTY INSISTENT
Okay, Okay.
WHERE IS SHE?
I PUT HER BY THE WATER COOLER TO CHILL OUT.

OFFICER DODGE?
I'M DETECTIVE MARY WALKER, PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR, LOOKING INTO THE WESTSIDE RIPPER.
Yeah yeah.
BAD DAY?
THEY ALL ARE
WHAT'S UP?
Oh yeah? AND WHO HIRED YOU?
NO ONE. I KNEW CYNTHIA, THE FOURTH VICTIM.
I'M SORRY
I GOT YOUR NUMBER FROM A PROSTITUTE. I HAVE A PROPOSITION FOR YOU.
I'VE FOUND A GIRL WILLING TO BE USED AS A DECOY--
--NO WAY
THE DEPARTMENT CAN'T BE RESPONSIBLE --IT'S TOO DANGEROUS OUT THERE.
DANGEROUS? SHE'S ALREADY ON THE STREET. YOU HAVE SOMETHING AGAINST USING A PROSTITUTE?
NO, I DO NOT. I'M NOT PREJUDICED, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN. I'M SYMPATHETIC TO THOSE GIRLS. I FIND THEM VERY COURAGEOUS.
MOST OF THEM ARE JUST TRYING TO SUPPORT KIDS, AND LORD KNOWS A NORMAL JOB CAN'T DO THAT. I'M FOR DECRIMINALIZATION, JUST LIKE THE GIRLS WANT--
$5,000 REWARD
--BUT UNTIL THAT HAPPENS, THEY'RE STILL BREAKING THE LAW.
I CERTAINLY CAN'T USE A CIVILIAN OUTLAW IN A POLICE INVESTIGATION
OKAY. PLAY IT BY THE BOOK. HERE'S MY HOTEL CARD IF YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND AND WANT TO HELP.
BUT I'M GOING TO DO SOMETHING BEFORE NUMBER SIX DIES.
TOO LATE.

POLICE DEPARTMENT
WANTED
WANTED BY THE ARSON DIVISION
$5,000 REWARD
WHAT?
WHO?
SHE WENT BY THE NAME OF TULIP--
NO!
GOD I SHOULDA--GOD I WISH--I'M GONNA KILL THAT--
WAM
HEY! CALM DOWN!
I M SORRY
NO SMOKING IN THIS AREA
BOY, YOU GOT SOME HOT TEMPER.
QUITE THE LITTLE WARRIOR YOU GOT HIDDEN AWAY IN THERE, MISS WALKER.

I'M SORRY. I KNEW TULIP.
IF ONLY THE GIRLS HAD GIVEN ME LISTS OF THEIR CLIENTS, I WOULD HAVE KNOWN HER TRICKS THAT DAY.
I REMEMBER ONE CLIENT... I MEAN, THE GIRLS MENTIONED ONE.
GOES BY THE NAME OF "BABY."
THEY TALKED TO YOU? WHY DIDN'T THOSE GIRLS TALK TO ME?
BECAUSE OF YOUR LOLLIPOP PARTNER, RICHARDS
POL CE DEPARTMENT
WANTED
$5,000 REWARD
THE GIRLS GOTTA PAY HIM OFF OR ELSE HE TAKES THEIR KIDS AWAY. THEY GIVE HIM ANY TROUBLE, HE BUSTS THEM.
OR BUSTS THEIR BOYFRIENDS FOR PIMPING. HE CAN POP ANY MALE THEY HANG WITH FOR PROCURING. HE'S BUSTED THEIR BOYFRIENDS, THEIR BROTHERS--AND HE KNOWS THEY DON'T EVEN USE PIMPS.
I SEE.
LOOK. I'LL DO WHAT I CAN. I'LL INVESTIGATE THIS JOHN CALLED "BABY."
YOU WANT SOMETHING TO INVESTIGATE? WORD ON THE STREET IS THE KILLER IS A COP.
YOU'RE NUTS. A COP?
EXIT
Yeah. MAYBE ONE WITH AN ORAL FIXATION.

ORAL FIXATION
OR ALL FIXATION
ASPHYXIATION.
STUPID DICK.
OKAY, SUCKER..
I'LL GETCHA I GOTCHA
Ma'am?
PING
MARY WALKER?
WHO WANTS TO KNOW?
DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME? WE WERE IN THE HOSPITAL TOGETHER. I'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR YOU.
I'VE NEVER BEEN IN A HOSPITAL. I'VE NEVER BEEN SICK.
HEALTHY AS A DOG
LOOK, LET ME PUT IT TO YOU STRAIGHT. I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU I SOUGHT YOU OUT 'CAUSE I'M LIKE YOU
NO ONE IS LIKE ME. GO AWAY.
TELL YOU WHAT-- YOU CAN COME IN IF YOU SHUT UP.
THE NEEDLES, THE DRUGS, THE SOLITARY ROOMS, THE IDIOT SHRINKS, THE HALLUCINATIONS, THE WHOLE SICK DEAL- I KNOW IT. WE'RE BLOOD BROTHERS, DOPPELGANGERS. YOU COULD BE ME, I COULD BE YOU...

Dead Chick #6 Julip
I KNOW THERE'S QUITE A FEW OF YOU. A BUNCHA PERSONALITIES. A WHOLE PARTY GOIN' ON IN YOUR HEAD.
WHO ARE YOU NOW?
WHO DO YOU WANT ME TO BE?

Ha. YOU JUST SHIFTED.
SOMETHING ON THAT WALL OF NOTES D.STURBED YOU.
SO YOU BECOME SOME-ONE ELSE TO DEAL WITH THE PAIN.
I THOUGHT YOU WERE GONNA SHUT UP. BET YOU NEVER SHUT UP.

LOOK. I KNOW ALL ABOUT PAIN. I KNOW HOW PHYSICAL PAIN BLOCKS MENTAL PAIN.

Humph. A CUTTER. THAT'S STUPID.
YOU GOT YOURSELF A ROADMAP THERE, SUCKER.
IT HELPS
HEY. WHATEVER BLOWS YOUR DRESS UP.

THAT'S RIGHT. WHATEVER BUCKLES YOUR BELT.
WHAT?
WHATEVER WETS YOUR WHISTLE.
HA HA
WHATEVER BANGS YOUR GONG.

WHATEVER BASTES YOUR BOUILLABAISSE.
BUTTERS YOUR MUFFIN

STIRS YOUR GRAVY.
WALKS YOUR DOG.
Ha-Ha! GOOD ONE

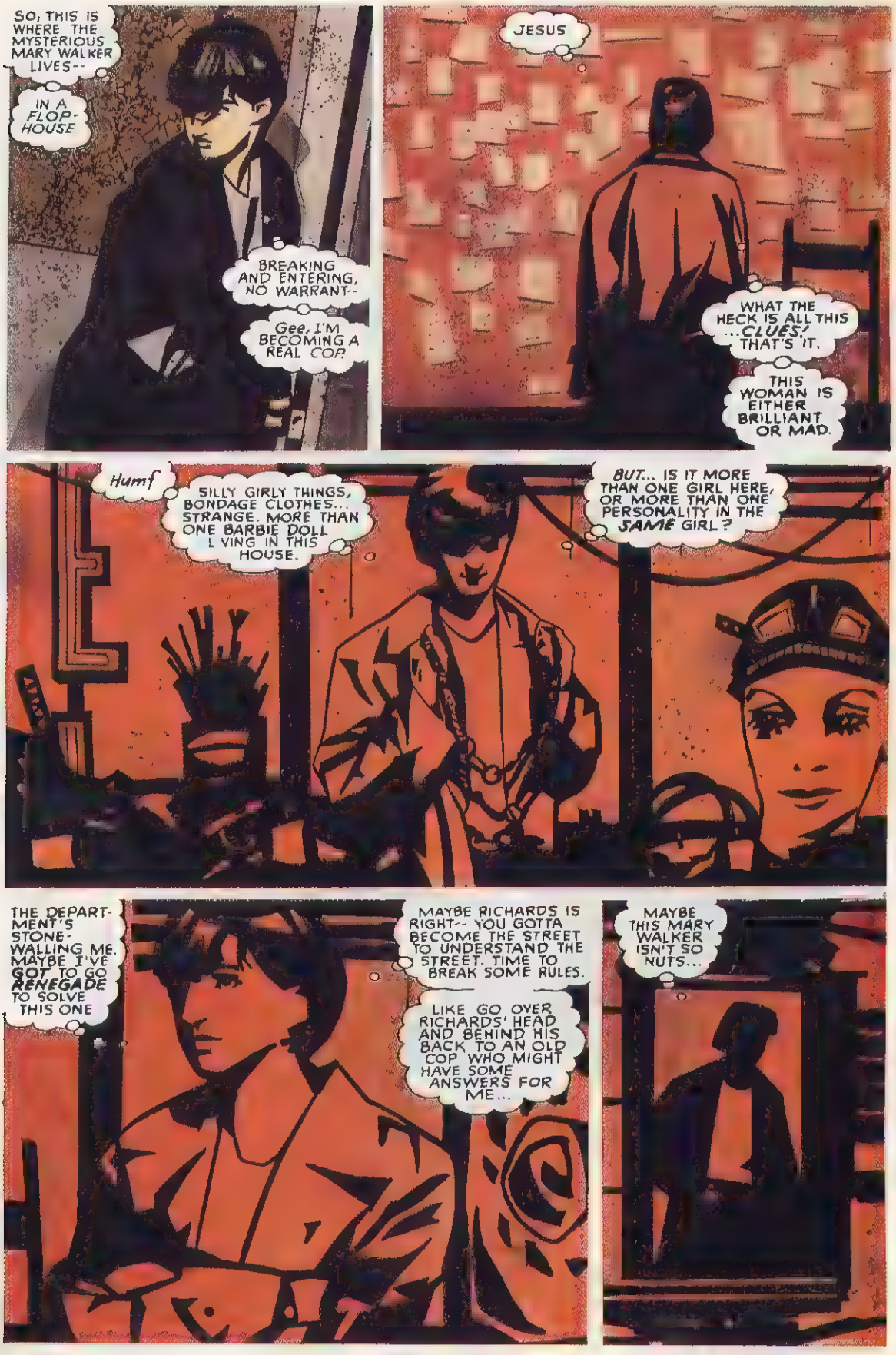
WHATEVER SPARKS YOUR FLINT.
WHATEVER WHIPS YOUR CREME de CRECHE
CREME de WHAT?
WHAT-EVER PUTS LEAD IN YOUR PENCIL.
FLOATS YOUR BOAT
TOOTS YOUR HORN.
TOASTS YOUR BUNS.
FRIES YOUR EGGS.
LIGHTS YOUR CANDLE.
POPS YOUR TOAST.
BRING!
WHATEVER TRIPS YOUR TRIGGER...
TRIPS YOUR...
IT'S FLAVIA. CAN YOU GET HERE FAST? MOTEL 57.
"BABY'S" GOT A DATE WITH HESTER-- THEY'RE HEADING FOR ROOM #8.
MOTEL 57?
ROOM #8.
RESERVE ME THE ROOM NEXT TO IT. TELL HESTER I'M ON MY WAY.
TELL HER TO BANG ON THE WALL IF THERE'S ANY TROUBLE. I'LL BE RIGHT NEXT DOOR.
GET GOING. I GOTTA RUN.
BUT I--
OUT!
CAN'T I WAIT-
NO! AND DON'T BOTHER ME AGAIN!

CREEPY KID
TELEPHONE
TELEPHONE

MOTEL 57...
ROOM NINE
SHE'S IN EIGHT.
WALL'S THIN ENOUGH
BUT I CAN'T HEAR YET
WHAT IF SHE DOESN'T HAVE TIME TO BANG?
COME ON, HESTER. WHAT'S GOING ON IN THERE...?
MAYBE I SHOULD--
--PATIENCE, TYPHOID. DON'T JUMP THE GUN.
HESTER!
HEY, GIRL
HE WAS FINE. BABY GOT BABIED AND SPLIT.
SO HE'S NOT THE KILLER.
NOT THIS TIME, ANYWAY.
WELL, I GOTTA GO. I GOT ANOTHER TRICK COMING UP-- CALLS HIMSELF "Mr. CLEAN". DOORMAN MACK SAYS HE LOOKS LIKE THE WHITE SHEIK OR SOMETHING
WONDER WHAT HIS TRIP IS?
Oh Yeah, AND MACK SAYS YOU GOT SOMEBODY COMIN' UP, TOO.

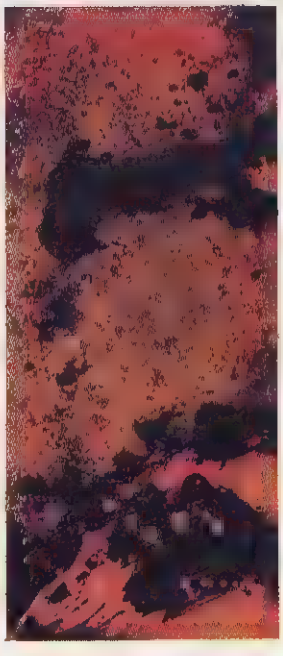
WHAT? BUT I'M NOT WORKING!
NO ONE EVEN KNOWS I'M HERE.
"I DUNNO. WELL, LEMME GO MEET Mr. CLEAN. SEE YA."
NOK NOK
COME ON IN.
OH. IT'S YOU.
FOLLOWED ME, huh?
CAN I BUY A KISS?
I GUESS SO
WHAT WAS THAT? I FELT A PRICK!
WAM WAM
HESTER'S HITTIN' THE WALL!

WHAT DID YOU DO?! I FEEL SO ODD..
I'M SORRY I HAD TO..
WAM WAM
oh, god, no! HESTER'S IN TROUBLE! I CAN'T..
WAM WAM
WHAT DID YOU DO TO ME?
WAM WAM
WHO'S IN TROUBLE?
No! SHE'S IN TROUBLE... I CAN'T... STAND! ..
oh no. oh god no no no gotta help her..
BANG!


SO, THIS IS WHERE THE MYSTERIOUS MARY WALKER LIVES--
IN A FLOP-HOUSE
BREAKING AND ENTERING, NO WARRANT--
Gee. I'M BECOMING A REAL COP.
JESUS
WHAT THE HECK IS ALL THIS ...CLUES? THAT'S IT.
THIS WOMAN IS EITHER BRILLIANT OR MAD.
Humf
SILLY GIRLY THINGS, BONDAGE CLOTHES... STRANGE. MORE THAN ONE BARBIE DOLL LIVING IN THIS HOUSE.
BUT... IS IT MORE THAN ONE GIRL HERE, OR MORE THAN ONE PERSONALITY IN THE SAME GIRL?
THE DEPARTMENT'S STONE-WALLING ME. MAYBE I'VE GOT TO GO RENEGADE TO SOLVE THIS ONE
MAYBE RICHARDS IS RIGHT-- YOU GOTTA BECOME THE STREET TO UNDERSTAND THE STREET. TIME TO BREAK SOME RULES.
LIKE GO OVER RICHARDS' HEAD AND BEHIND HIS BACK TO AN OLD COP WHO MIGHT HAVE SOME ANSWERS FOR ME...
MAYBE THIS MARY WALKER ISN'T SO NUTS...

BUTTER MY MUFFIN..
POP MY TOAST..!
LIGHT MY CANDLE...
BANG MY GONG..!
WET MY NOODLE..
SHWING
HOW 'BOUT I JUST RIP YOUR HEART OUT?

YOU KNOW WHAT REALLY HEATS MY KETTLE?
STIRS MY GRAVY?



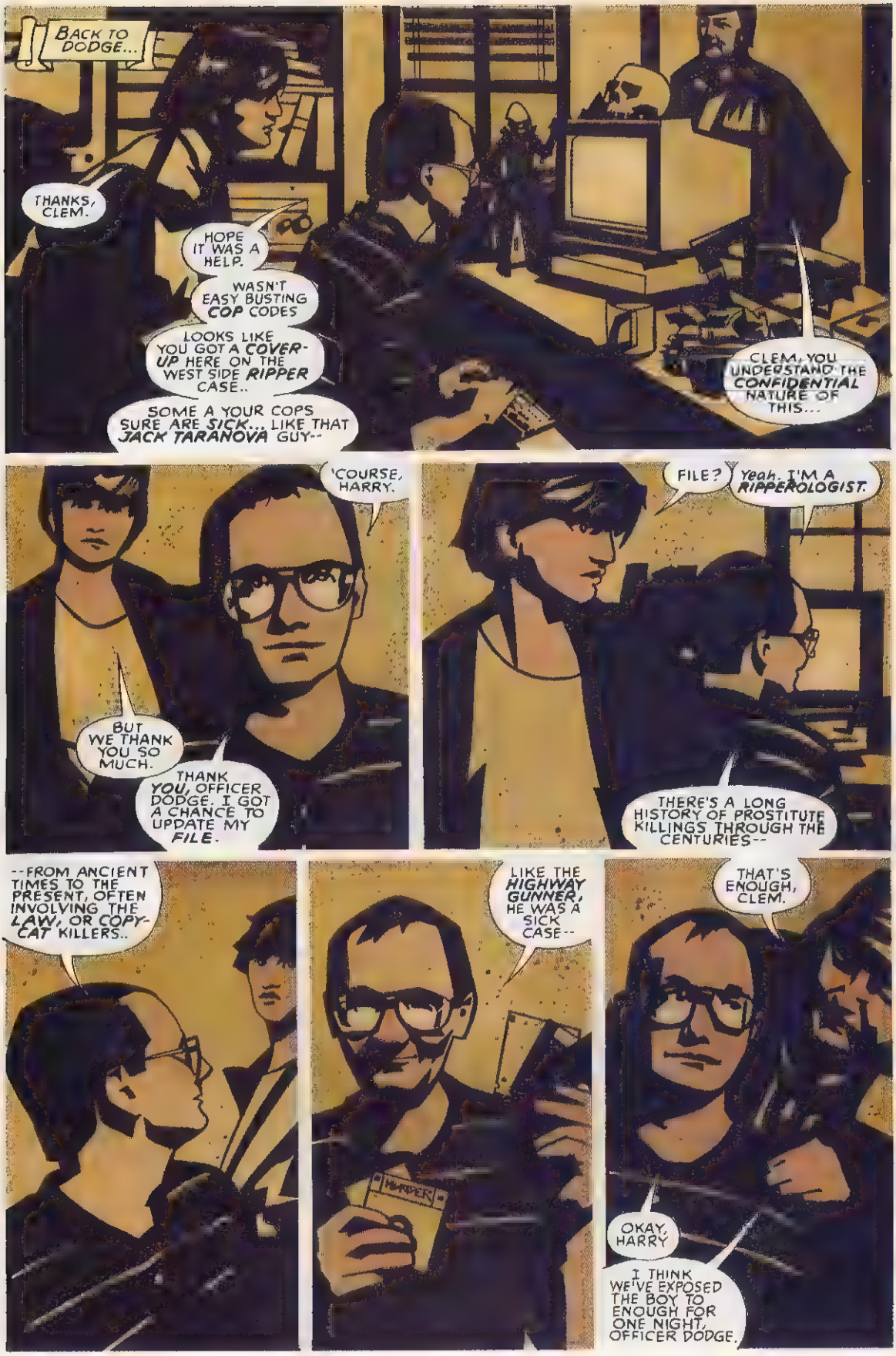
Mmmm--THAT WAS GOOD.
SORRY ABOUT THE MESS.
I GOT SOME BLOOD ON YOUR TOYS, BOYS.

SHE'S SO BEAUTIFUL...
I WONDER WHAT SHE'S THINKING ABOUT?
I DUNNO, QUINCE. MAYBE HAVIN' SOME KIND OF DREAM...
MAYBE SHE'S HAVIN' A FANTASY...
HEY, HER EYELID FLICKERED! SHE'S WAKIN' UP!
SHE STRAPPED IN GOOD, TRENT?
Yeah, Yeah.
CAMERA ON?
Yeah, Yeah
MARY?
MARY, CAN YOU HEAR ME?

YOU!
I KNOW YOU'RE PROBABLY MAD AT ME, BUT I DID IT FOR A GOOD CAUSE.
UH. SORRY ABOUT THE HEADACHE, TOO. IT'S THE KNOCKOUT DRUG--
IT'S GOT A WICKED KICK.
SHUT UP, TRENT
MARY, ALLOW ME TO PRESENT MYSELF.
A TRIP to the MOON
MY NAME IS QUINCE TARANOVA. SOMEDAY TO BE A HOUSEHOLD WORD.
I'M A FILMMAKER, AND YOU ARE NOT ONLY THE STAR OF MY NEW FILM--
--YOU'RE GOING TO BE PART OF AN HISTORIC EXPERIMENT THAT WILL HELP THE WORLD UNDERSTAND WHY KILLERS KILL.
WE JUST WANT TO DO SOME TESTS ON YOU, AND MAKE A LITTLE MOVIE IN THE PROCESS.
A FILM BEYOND FILM VERITE, BEYOND DOCUMENTARY. A NEW FORM!
I NEED A DRINK.
YOU'RE THE STAR, MARY!
WHY IS IT, MARY, YOU CAN TELL US...
WHY IS IT THAT YOU KILL?
WERE YOU BORN THAT WAY?
IS IT GENETIC?
A CHILD-HOOD TRAUMA?
TOO MANY VIOLENT MOVIES?
MARY! WHY MUST YOU KILL!? TELL US?

WHAT WAS THAT?
WHAT DID SHE SAY?
TRENT-- GET CLOSER TO HER MOUTH!
ME?
MARY? CAN YOU SAY IT AGAIN?
I KILL BECAUSE.
WHAT? WHAT DID YOU SAY?
PHYSICAL PAIN, TRENT. IT BLOCKS MENTAL PAIN--
--BUT YOU KNOW THAT.
AAAoooW!
QUINCE! DO SOMETHING!
GET HER OFF ME!

KNOCKOUT TIME, BAD GIRL.
NOW YOU BEHAVE, LITTLE WITCH.
EVERY TIME YOU PULL A STUNT LIKE THAT, IT'S THE DEADZONE FOR YOU
BE A BAD GIRL AND LOSE ANOTHER DAY OF YOUR PRETTY, HAPPY LIFE
SO...
..FRIGGIN..
..WHAT.


BACK TO DODGE...
THANKS, CLEM.
HOPE IT WAS A HELP.
WASN'T EASY BUSTING COP CODES
LOOKS LIKE YOU GOT A COVER-UP HERE ON THE WEST SIDE RIPPER CASE..
SOME A YOUR COPS SURE ARE SICK... LIKE THAT JACK TARANOVA GUY--
CLEM, YOU UNDERSTAND THE CONFIDENTIAL NATURE OF THIS...
'COURSE, HARRY.
BUT WE THANK YOU SO MUCH.
THANK YOU, OFFICER DODGE. I GOT A CHANCE TO UPDATE MY FILE.
FILE?
Yeah. I'M A RIPPEROLOGIST.
THERE'S A LONG HISTORY OF PROSTITUTE KILLINGS THROUGH THE CENTURIES--
--FROM ANCIENT TIMES TO THE PRESENT, OFTEN INVOLVING THE LAW, OR COPY-CAT KILLERS..
LIKE THE HIGHWAY GUNNER, HE WAS A SICK CASE--
HARPER
THAT'S ENOUGH, CLEM.
OKAY, HARRY
I THINK WE'VE EXPOSED THE BOY TO ENOUGH FOR ONE NIGHT, OFFICER DODGE.

SOON..
CASINO BAR
...SO A COP KILLS A HOOKER-
--AND THE DEPARTMENT ALLOWS A SERIAL KILLER TO FUNCTION--
--IN ORDER TO HELP THEIR COVER-UP?
THIS IS OUTRAGEOUS, HARRY!
THEY DIDN'T "ALLOW" IT, THEY JUST DIDN'T INVESTIGATE IT AS FAST AS--
--AS WHEN A "GOOD GIRL" IS KILLED.
YOU KNOW THE DEPARTMENT POLICY ON OUTLAWS-- THESE AREN'T MURDERS THAT HAVE PRIORITY.
LIKE COPS AREN'T OUTLAWS? WE THINK WE'RE EXACTLY THAT-- OUTSIDE THE LAW
THAT FIRST MURDERED GIRL WAS A SNITCH.
Yeah, SHE WAS SICK OF PAYING OFF COPS!
A SNITCH IS THE LOWEST OF THE LOW.
UNLESS THEY'RE ON THE POLICE PAYROLL.
JUSTICE WAS DONE-- RACETTE WAS A BAD COP AND NOW HE'S DEAD.
I'M HERE BECAUSE I FEEL SORRY FOR ROOKIES LIKE YOU. I WANT YOU TO DROP THIS--
NOT A CHANCE.
COPS GOTTA HONOR THE CODE OF SILENCE.
IT'S ALREADY WAR OUT THERE-- IT WOULD BE ANARCHY IF COPS SNITCHED ON EACH OTHER.
DIDN'T YOU BREAK INTO THAT DETECTIVE WALKER'S APARTMENT WITHOUT A WARRANT?
I SUSPECTED HER OF WITHHOLDING INFORMATION. IN A MURDER CASE, THAT'S COMPLICITY--
BUT I COULD STILL BUST YOU.
COVERING UP THE CRIMES OF COPS IS A NECESSARY EVIL TO SUPPORT A GOOD SYSTEM--

--SIX WOMEN ARE KILLED, AND NO ONE GIVES A SHIT, JUST 'CAUSE THEY'RE HOOKERS?!
I'M TIRED OF THIS A-LIST AND F-LIST OF HUMAN BEINGS!
KEEP DIGGING AT THIS ONE AND YOU'LL GET FIRED.
WHAT ABOUT TARANOVA HE'S A ROTTEN COP--
NO, I KNEW JACK TARANOVA. HE'S NO KILLER. HE WAS A GOOD COP, CLAIR. THEY JUST PUT HIM UNDER-COVER TOO MANY YEARS.
WE OWE HIM.
SURE, HE'S GOT SOME BAD HABITS, BUT HE RACKED UP A LOT OF IMPORTANT BUSTS, TOO. RETIRED RICH.
NO ONE QUESTIONED THE MONEY?
THE DEPARTMENT FIGURED HE'D EARNED IT.
SO HE'S STILL GOT SOME OF THESE "BAD" HABITS?
Yeah, HE LIKES STREET GIRLS. STILL WIRED TO THE ACTION, I GUESS.
FINE, BUT EVERY TIME THIS TARANOVA BUYS A GIRL--
--SHE ENDS UP DEAD.
CLAIR. YOU STILL DON'T GET IT. THEY ASSIGNED YOU TO THIS CASE BECAUSE THEY ASSUMED YOU WOULDN'T TURN UP SQUAT.
THEY TEAMED YOU WITH RICHARDS TO DEAL WITH IT IF YOU DID.
YOU'RE JUST AS ENTRENCHED AS THE REST OF THEM.
NO, I'VE JUST BEEN DOWN THIS ROAD A FEW TIMES. WHEN I WAS ABOUT YOUR AGE...
OH, PLEASE.
SPARE ME.

AND ON THE "SET"...
WE'RE JUST GOING TO SHOW YOU SOME NICE MOVIES.
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NEXT: RED RIDING HOOD

fugue n [fr. Latin] 1 : a musical composition in which one or two themes are repeated by successive voices and interweaving... 2 : a disturbed mental state often associated with schizophrenia in which a subject commits acts of which he/she has no later recollection...

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